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HINTS TO YOUNG HUNTERS

No gun shoots where it is pointed.

Damp or corroded shells ought never to be loaded.

A bullet never travels in a straight line, even for a short distance.

A bullet is deflected from its course of changes of wind and temperature.

Hold your gun level. The longer the range the more important this rule becomes.

Good results should not be expected with one gun and one kind of ammunition at all distances and for all purposes.

A gun barrel clamped in a vise will not shoot its bullets so close together as when a good marksman shoots it from a rest.

Violent exercise just before shooting will ruin any man's score. Dissipation of any kind will have the same effect.

The muzzle of a gun is always dangerous; if not so considered, one soon contracts the habit of being careless with loaded firearms.

It is any easy matter to shoot when the trap is up, or to shoot on the wrong target; both these errors should be guarded against at each shot fired.

Primers should be seated carefully to avoid crushing of fulminate, and when seating them care should be taken that powder is out of the range of any that may explode.

No one who is afraid of the recoil of a gun can make a good score. Never wince before you are hurt; there is plenty of time to do that afterward.

Not one half of the guns made are worn out; by far the greater number being ruined through lack of care or on account of being tinkered by their owners.

In shooting, the longest range of the gun should be taken into consideration. Ask yourself: Where will the bullet drop? The man who uses a long range rifle to shoot a bird in a tree, is either very careless or very ignorant.

Examine your firearms frequently to see if rust has begun to form. Make it a point to prevent rust rather than remove it. Keep guns away from damp walls, and do not leave them in positions that tend to warp the stocks.

A gun may shoot poorly because it is not fitted with fine sights, a fact which sometimes is not fully appreciated. For instance, a telescope, spirit-level and vernier add nothing to the accuracy of a gun, but only affect the power of directing shots.

Hold your gun in the same manner every time it is fired; that is, with the same pressure to the shoulder, and do not hold the toe to the shoulder at one time and the heel to the shoulder at another. The proper way is to hold the centre of the butt plate to the shoulder.

The man that doesn't leave his wits at home is the one who succeeds in any kind of shooting, whether in the field, at the trap, or before the target. Do not imagine that because you are easily excited, it is impossible to keep cool. Try a little enforced coolness; perhaps your excitability may be only a matter of habit.

Powder is very susceptible to moisture of any kind and will be materially injured if left exposed even for a short time in a damp atmosphere. The residuum, that is, the burned powder remaining in the barrel, has the same affinity for moisture and may be as effectually softened by means of breathing in the barrel, as by the application of water.

Tea, according to Chinese writers, was first discovered in the 18th century. An impost was placed upon it by the Emperor Te-Tsang in 781. It was introduced into Japan from China in the 9th century. The Dutch introduced it into Europe in 1591; it was used in England on some rare occasions prior to 1657, and was sold at from £6 to £10 per pound. Millions of pounds weight of sloe, liquorice, and ash-tree leaves are every year mixed with Chinese teas in England. The annual consumption of tea in Great Britian is 30,000,000 pounds, while that of all the rest of the civilised world only amount to 22,000,000.

A paper by Admiral F. S. Tremlett on quadrilateral constructions near Cernac has been read before the Anthropological Institute, London. The enclosures were explored by the late Mr. James Miln. In each case the boundary walls are formed of coarse undressed stones put together without any kind of cement, and have built up within them a series of small menhirs or "standing stones." The enclosures also contain beehive structures for cremation purposes, reddened and become friable from the effects of great heat. It would appear that the process of cremation had been a very perfect one, as not a particle of calcined bone was discovered in any of the enclosures.

A smart thief has just been convicted in the Rhone Assize Court. His real name is Gresillon, but he travelled under the name of Walton, and pretended to be a rich Englishman. He affected the accent and manners of the Britisher, played high, and lived in the fastest style. In reality he was a convict who had several times been arrested for theft and robbery. One of his recent exploits was to rob the safe of the prison of Chiavari, in Corsica, where he was a prisoner, and from which he escaped with the funds. He was arrested on a charge of robbing several churches in the Department of the Rhone, and was tried upon one of these charges. His manner in court was cool and impudent. He was arrested at the Cafe Morel, one of the most fashionable cafes of Lyons, and when the Court sentenced him to twenty years' penal servitude he smiled contemptuously upon the Judges, and, turning to his lawyer, he said, while he shook hands with him in quite a pleasant and somewhat patronizing manner: "I will see you next year at the same time at the Cafe Morel. Au revoir!"

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present, but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

A Guardsman's Luck.

"Sentry, will you kindly keep your eye on my bag for a few minutes? I am going to have a plunge in the Serpentine," said a well-dressed, middle aged gentleman to me, one warm Summer morning a few years ago, as I was on duty at the park gate of Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks.

"All right, sir," I replied. "If I am relieved before your return, I shall hand it over to the next sentry."

"Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour at the latest, as I must be in the city by nine. It doesn't contain very valuable property—only a suit of clothes and a few documents 'of no use to any one but the owner,' as the saying is. All the same, however, I have no desire to lose it." So saying, the gentleman turned away.

The request to look after his property did not in the least surprise me, as numerous robberies from the clothing of persons bathing had for some time before been reported to the police. The barrack's clock struck eight. Fully half an hour had elapsed since the owner of the bag departed, and as yet there was no sign of him; the "quarter past" was chimed from the neighboring clocks, and still he did not turn up. About half past eight I perceived a great commotion in the park. Men were rushing from all quarters in the direction of the Serpentine; and soon afterwards I ascertained from a passer-by that the excitement was caused by one of the numer us bathers having been drowned. An uneasy suspicion was at once excited within me that the person who had come to such a sad end was the gentleman who had left his valise in my charge, which suspicion was intensified when I was relieved at nine, with the article still unclaimed. I handed over the bag to the sentry who relieved me without mentioning to him any of the circumstances of the case.

I went on sentry again at one o'clock and no one had come for it. It was the height of the London Season, and Hyde Park presented its customary gay appearance, but the imposing array of splendidly-appointed equipages, dashing equestrians and fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at other times was to me a most interesting spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded, as all my thoughts were centred on speculations regarding the fate of the owner of the bag. Before being relieved at three I had it conveyed to my room in the barracks, and after coming off guard placed it for greater security in the troop store.

After stables, I left barracks for my customary walk, and purchasing a copy of the *Echo* from a juvenile newsvendor, I read the particulars of the fatality of the morning. Friends had identified the body, which was that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had resided at Bayswater.

"Nixon! That corresponds with the initial 'N' on the bag," I thought to myself, now perfectly convinced that the deceased was the person I had seen in the morning. I also ascertained from the newspaper report that a man had been apprehended on suspicion of having attempted to rifle the pockets of the clothes of the drowned man, and who had been roughly handled by the crowd, before a policeman could be procured to take him into custody. After a moment's reflection I decided to call at the address given in the paper, in order to arrange about the restoration of the bag to the relatives of the deceased.

I was shown into a room, and immediately afterward was waited upon by a young lady, the daughter of the deceased, who naturally enough, was perfectly overcome with grief. I explained to her in a few words the object of my visit.

"I am uncertain whether poor papa had a valise of that description when he left this morning," she said; "but possibly you may recognize him from the photograph," submitting one she took from the table for my inspection.

I experienced a strange sense of relief—the features in the photo were those of a person bearing no resemblance whatever to the individual who had left his bag in my charge.

The young lady thanked me heartily for the trouble I had taken in the matter; and I left the house of mourning and returned to the barracks in a very mystified state of mind.

"Could the owner of the bag be the thief who was caught in the act of plundering the dead man's clothes?" I asked myself, but immediately dismissed the idea from my mind, as being absurd and improbable.

After this the bag ceased to interest me, as the valueless character of its contents caused me to speculate less on the unaccountable conduct of its possessor in never returning for it.

Some time afterwards I was on Queen's guard, Westminster. I had just mounted my horse and taken up position in one of the two boxes facing Parliament street, when a gentleman stopped opposite me and scanned me curiously. Addressing me, he said, "Don't you remember me?"

There was no mistaking the voice it was that of the owner of the bag! Otherwise he was greatly altered, as he had denuded himself of the luxuriant whiskers and moustache he wore when I saw him previously.

"What has been wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning when I came out of the water, and was taken home in an unconscious state. I have been very unwell ever since, and I have left my house for the first time, to day. I wish to get my bag at once. I presume you have it in safe-keeping at the barracks?"

"It's much nea er at hand," I replied—"just across the street from here," and then I told him that it was in the custody of the police authorities at Scotland Yard.

This information apparently disconcerted him.

"It is very awkward indeed," he said, "I have to catch the six train for Liverpool, as I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't you come across with me to get it?"

"You forget that I am on sentry," I replied. "I won't be relieved until four. I daren't leave the guard."

During the interval that elapsed until my period of duty was ended the gentleman paced about in a most impatient manner ever and anon seeming to relieve his feelings by stopping to pat my horse. At length I left my post, and dismounting, led my charger to the stable, and handed it over to a comrade; then divesting myself of my cuirass, was ready to proceed to Scotland Yard. One of the corporals on guard received orders to accompany me; so, together with the gentleman, we started, and crossing the street reached the police headquarters in a minute or two, and on making enquiries, were directed to the "Lost Property" department. We stated our business, and an official, after receiving an assurance from me that the applicant was the right person, speedily produced the valise. "Why didn't you see about this before?" he asked, addressing the gentleman.

"Because I was too ill to see about anything," was the reply.

The gentleman then signed a book, certifying that his property had been restored to him, giving as he did so the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr. Nobbs caught up his property and we left the office.

When we got to the door we found assembled a small crowd of men employed about the establishment; for the unusual spectacle of two helmeted, jack-booted guardsmen had caused a good deal of speculation as to our business there. Mr. Nobbs hurriedly brushed past them, and gaining the street hailed a passing cab, and the driver at once pulled up. "Here is something for your trouble," he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand. I, of course, thanked him heartily for this munificent douceur. Declining the offer of the driver to place his bag on the dicky, he put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands with the corporal and myself, he said to the driver: "Euston, as fast as you can," and entered the cab.

The driver released the brake from the wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy horse with a view of starting, when the poor animal slipped and fell. The man belonging to the Scotland Yard who had followed us into the street at once rushed to the driver's assistance, unbuckled the traces, and after pushing back the cab, got the horse on its feet. All the while Mr. Nobbs was watching the operation from the window, and I noticed that one of the men was surveying him very attentively.

"Your name is Judd, isn't it?" the man at length remarked.

"No it isn't.—What do you mean by addressing me, sir?" indignantly replied Mr. Nobbs.

"Well," said the man, who I at once surmised was a member of the detective force, "that's the name you gave anyhow, when you were had up on the charge of feeling the pockets of the gent's clothes who was drowned in the Serpentine a week ago. I know you, although you've had a clean shave."

I started on hearing this statement; my suspicions, ridiculous as they seemed at the time, had turned out to be correct after all; while Mr. Judd, *alias* Nobbs, turned as pale as death.

"Come out of that cab," said the detective.

"You've no right to detain me," said Nobbs, "I was discharged this morning."

"Because nothing was known against you —But look here, old man, what have you got in that bag?"

"Only some old clothes, I assure you," said the crest-fallen Nobbs.

"Come inside, and we'll see," said the detective, seizing the bag. "Out of the cab —quick! and come with me to the office."

Mr. Nobbs complied with a very bad grace, while the corporal and I followed, wondering what was to happen next.

We entered a room in the interior, and the bag was opened; but it apparently contained nothing but the clothes.

"There is certainly no grounds for detaining this man," said an inspector, standing near.

Mr. Nobbs at once brightened up and cried; "You see I have told you the truth, and now be good enough to let me go."

"All right," said the detective. "Pack up your traps and clear out."

Mr. Nobbs this time complied with exceeding alacrity, and began to replace the articles of clothing, when the detective seemingly acting on a sudden impulse, caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous shake. A slight rustling sound was distinctly audible.

"Hillo! what's this?" cried the officer. Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he produced a pocket knife, and in a trice ripped open a false bottom, and found about two dozen valuable diamond rings and a magnificent emerald necklace carefully packed in wadding, besides a number of unset stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared them with a list which he took from a file, and pronounced them to be the entire proceeds of a daring robbery that had recently been committed in the shop of a West End jeweller and which amounted in value to fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Nobbs, *alias* Judd, now looking terribly confused and abashed at this premature frustration of his plan to clear out of the country with his booty, was formally charged with being in possession of the stolen valuables. He made no reply, and was led away in custody.

Before returning to the guard, I remarked to the inspector: "I thought, sir, when he gave me a sovereign for looking after his bag, that it was more than it was worth: but now I find that I have been mistaken."

"A sovereign!" cried the inspector. "Let me see it."

I took the coin from my cartouche-box, where I had placed it in the absence of any accessible pocket, and handed it to him.

He smilingly examined it and threw it on the table. "I thought as much," he remarked; it's a bad one."

Mr. Nobbs, *alias* Judd—these names were two of a formidable string of aliases—turned out to be an expert coiner, burglar and swindler, who had long been "wanted" by the police. He was convicted and sentenced to a lengthened period of penal servitude.

A few weeks after Mr. Nobbs had received his well-earned punishment, I received a visit from a gentleman, who stated that he was cashier in the jeweller's establishment in which the robbery had been committed. He informed me that his employer, having taken into consideration the fact that I was to a certain extent, instrumental in the recovery of the stolen jewellery, had sent me a present of thirty pounds. I gratefully accepted the money, which, as I had seen enough of soldiering, I invested in the purchase of my discharge from the Household Cavalry.

THE LONELY ARCTIC.

Adventures of the "Alert" Among the Bergs.

During the three long weeks in which we were beset in ice, time hung heavily on our hands, although we all had some daily duties to perform. Occasionally we would get a shot at a murre or a gull, or, if the ice opened up a little, a shot at a seal. After living for some time on salt meat, a delicacy like curried gull or seal pie or boiled seal flipped was highly appreciated. For amusement and exercise we were obliged to content ourselves with pitching rope quoits on deck, walking over the ice, or, when a particularly large ice pan was near the ship, by a game of 'rounders.' Those who, like myself, belonged to the great order of landlubbers, would make vain attempts to imitate the sailors in climbing about the rigging, and to impress the crew with the idea that we were old hands at it.

STRANGE ARCTIC SCENES.

But in spite of the occasional tedium of our monotonous life while imprisoned in the ice there was much to interest one who had never been in Arctic regions before. At times one would be impressed with the supernatural things which the surroundings would give. Everything seems odd and the world upside down and chaos came again, where nothing was to be seen but ice—ice everywhere except where the black rocks of Resolute Island broke the surface. On the evening of June 21, the longest day of the year, I remained a long time on deck. It was bright clear and cold, the thermometer at 8 p.m., registering 31 deg. In that region the variation of the magnetic needle is very great, being 55 deg. to the west of true north. Sunset occured about 10 p. m. on that evening. It was difficult almost to convince myself, knowing the time of the night, that I was not dreaming. And strangest of all the sun was setting east of north by compass. It was a weird, eerie, impressive scene. It almost seemed that the sun had strayed so far from its course that it would wander off into some infinitude of space and never return. Soon after it disappeared behind the ice, as if conquered by obstinate frigidity, the still Arctic twilight shed its pale light about. Clouds, like a funeral pall, hung over the grave of the extinct sun. Solemn, mysterious, gigantic icebergs moved slowly along, carried on by hidden currents which were powerless on the surface. The ghastly procession passed in review while our little ship lay motionless in icy fetters. Resolution Island, black, forbidding, looked like the evil genius of this strange scene. Later on the moon rose and filtered pale, flickering rays through the clouds which, mixed with the peculiar Arctic glow, made the most singular and supernatural light I have ever seen.

A Baltimore man called a letter carrier a liar and was promptly knocked down. He is now punishing the Government by going to the post office for his own mail.

A DOUBLE EXECUTION.

Two Murderers Guillotined at Daybreak Before a Paris Crowd.

The two notorious criminals—Gaspard, who murdered the old Delaunay in the Rue d'Angouleme, and Marchandon, who cut the throat of the Creole lady, whose service he had entered, according to his custom, for the purpose of plunder—were guillotined shortly after daybreak. It was expected that the wretches would be reprieved, as Gaspard had had an accomplice, and Marchandon's friends had made energetic efforts to save him from the guillotine. Their appeals, however, were rejected, and both the criminals were handed over to the common executioner.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the Place de la Roquette, outside the prison of the condemned, was full of people, who, as is customary on such occasions, had remained up all night to witness what, in the annals of recent sensation, was an exceptional sight, namely, a double execution. The police had considerable difficulty in keeping the crowd of sightseers in their places, and the mounted gendarmes were frequently called into requisition to clear the approaches to the places of execution. The usual horseplay, low jokes, and badinage were freely indulged in by the expectant crowd in the roadway, composed as it was of the lowest strata of the Parisian rabble. Snatches of obscene songs were even sung by some of the villainous gamins and vicious girls who pressed through the crowd to obtain a view of a scene which seemed to have no terrors for them.

At 1 o'clock a moving light was seen approaching. It preceded a dark mass scarcely discernible through the enveloping darkness. This was the car conveying the terrible *bois de justice*, or guillotine, which had once more been removed from its resting place in the vicinity of the prison. It was followed by Deibler and his assistants, and was well guarded by policemen. Turning the corner of the Rue Folie Regnault, the ghastly caravan lumbered heavily into the Place de la Roquette, and stopped before the door of the jail.

The guillotine was promptly dismounted and by 2 o'clock everything was ready. Deibler, having superintended the preparatory measures, went into the jail with two of his men, and there was then a long spell of waiting and expectation, during which the day dawned on the impatient and chattering crowd that filled the Place de la Roquette. At 4 o'clock the numbers were increased by workmen and others who were obliged to be up early, and barricades were put up by the police to prevent the people from filling up the approaches to the place of execution.

A long narrow basket was now placed near the block of the guillotine, and at ten minutes to 5 the huge, heavy and gloomy doors of the prison swung open amid a deadly silence, only broken by the sharp rattling of the gendarmes' swords as they were drawn from their scabbards. Gaspard was the first of the felons led to death. Tall and muscular, he walked firmly between two priests, whose ministrations he had rejected until the approach of his term.

His face was pale and his features contracted convulsively as he neared the guillotine. Here he stooped toward the prison chaplain, the Abbe Faure, and embraced first the priest and then a crucifix held by the latter in his hand. He was now seized by the executioners, his head was placed in the *lunette*, and, after an awkward pause, during which Deibler seemed to have lost the momentary control of his instrument, the knife descended, and the headless trunk of the criminal fell away from the *bascule*. The head was then put into the basket.

The guillotine was now washed, and everything set in order for the next execution. After an interval of seventeen minutes, during which the clamorous crowd seemed to have lost its grotesque gayety, the doors of the prison again opened, and Marchandan, looking like a pale boy of 17, tottered feebly out, supported by the Abbe Faure and the other priest who had assisted Gaspard.

The criminal was evidently more dead than alive. He still wore the patent leather boots with pointed toe caps which he had on when arrested in his country house at Compiegne. After having convulsively embraced the priests he was caught sharply by Deibler and thrust into the *lunette*. The knife again refused to work, and nearly four seconds elapsed before it fell on the criminal's neck. When it did so a double jet of blood spurted out for nearly two yards, and sprinkled the adjacent ground. The bodies were then taken, escorted by mounted gendarmes, to the Ivry Cemetery for mock burial, after which they were handed over to the School of Medicine for the usual experimental purposes.

A doctor says we take too many baths and keep too clean to be healthy. It is inferred that he has been taking a diagnosis of a live tramp. A tramp is never sick, never bathes and is always provided with an appetite as voracious as a steam sawmill.

The timid man, who yet is not a coward, and who has conscience and convictions to inspire his determination, is the man most to be depended on for effective conflict.

If you wish to paper a whitewashed wall, brush it over with a strong alum water.

KILLED BY HIS OWN SON.

A Quarrel in a Farm House Over a Game of Dominoes.

The county of Morris, N. J. has another murder case, which, following so closely after the killing of James Laurent by Samuel Wade, causes unusual excitement. Thomas Smith, about 45 years of age, was the farmer who managed White Meadows, the country residence of County Collector Mahlon Hagland, about two miles from the village of Rockaway. He is very excitable and hot tempered, although not addicted to liquor drinking. He has a son named Lodi, aged eighteen years. Late the other evening this boy came into the village and gave himself up to Constable Daniel Morgan, with the startling information that he had killed his father. The story of the fratricide which the young man gave is as follows:

In the evening his father and mother, Bridget Nolan, the work girl, and himself sat down to play dominoes, the two former and the two latter being partners. The first game was won by the boy and girl, which so incensed the father that he swept the dominoes from the table. The second game was won by the father and mother, which put the former in a more happy mood, but in the third game the boy and girl won, and the fathers anger became uncontrollable. He again swept the dominoes from the table, and struck his wife. He also caught up from her chair a little girl who was sitting at the table, and threw her to the floor. The son fled into another room. The father followed him with a stick of wood, and declared with an oath too horrible to be repeated that he would kill him. The boy then drew a 32 calibre revolver and fired at him. The father turned and made a move to come toward him. The boy fired and a second time. Still the father came on, then the boy fired a third shot. With this shot the father fell to the floor. He lived only a short time. He uttered nothing but groans. One bullet had struck him in the left shoulder, another in the upper part of one eye, and the third went into the forehead.

The boy then started for Rockaway at once to give himself up. He expressed regret at what had occurred, and said nothing but a fear of danger to his life would have induced him to do what he did. He had always been a quiet, well-behaved boy, and was much liked in the community. The father was a war veteran. Coroner J. P. Stickler next day commited young Smith to the county jail at Morristown and proceeded to hold an inquest. During the proceedings Smith made a voluntary statement to the jury. The other members of the family corroborated his account of the homicide. The proceedings were adjourned until next Tuesday for further testimony. The son says that his father had on several other occasions abused his family and had threatened the lives of all. Some time ago they were compelled to flee from the house in the evening and they remained hid in a barn throughout the night.

BRILLIANTS.

Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.

A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Love is like honesty—much talked about but little understood.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.

You may shrink from the far reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them.

One who is content with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do, he has lain down to die.

Plato will have disciples, but Socrates will have adorers; because if the one knew how to think, the other knew how to die.

The Winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the nut is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart to discover the real worth.

Those who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed, but wit and talents cannot prevent the discovery of want of politeness.

The beginning of hardships is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to go on.

Lawn tennis was being played on the Long Branch grounds of a wealthy family, and the game struck a spectator as being inordinately elaborate in its movements. Every pose and stir was laboriously careful in its grace, and at the same time there was a strange disregard of the real progress of the game. A glance at the adjacent veranda revealed an amateur photographer making a series of instantaneous views in which the players would be shown in a succession of attitudes. A hundred prepared plates were in the holders, ready to be exposed one after another, and the scheme contemplated the printing of copies from these numerous negatives so that every person portrayed could have a bound volume of the pictures.

A nearly perfect skeleton of the mosasaurus was recently discovered in a quarry near Mons, in the province of Hainaut, Belgium. It has an extraordinary length of 55 feet 9 inches. It is to be preserved in the Natural History Museum, Brussels.

When a very mad woman begins practicing with a revolver the wise man always dodges in front of her

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☞ Accounts rendered monthly.

C. J. ATKINSON, Proprietor. W. H. HALL, Editor & Manager.

The Virden Advance.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17th, 1885.

SCHOOL ACCOMMODATION.

Virden wants a new school house and a new school house Virden must have. The room now used is much too small to be either convenient or healthy even for the scholars at present attending, and that being the case what will be the condition of things when the large number of pupils who are only able to get their schooling when farm work is at a stand still are ready to attend!

But not only does Virden want a new school house, she also wants a public hall. Oddfellows, Masons, Orangemen and other Societies are organizing branches of their respective orders here and would doubtless be only too glad to pay for the use of a hall. The Episcopal church has no winter accommodation, and some handy place is needed wherein to hold concerts, dancing parties and church socials.

Now, cannot a building be erected by some means so that the ground floor could be utilized for a school house, and the next flat for a public hall for the present until is is required for school accommodation, which we believe will be the case in a very short time. This would divide the expense and save the erection of two seperate buildings; and, moreover, the rent received from the public hall would largely assist to pay the interest on the cost.

Let those in authority consider this proposition and we shall hope to see some results before the snow comes.

RIEL RESPITED.

Pending the Hearing of the Appeal.

REGINA, N.W.T., Sept. 14.—It is well understood here from the highest authorities that Riel has been granted a respite pending the argument of the appeal before the Privy Council.

BIG BEAR.

Found Guilty of the Charge of Treason-Felony.—A recommendation to Mercy.—Sentence.

The trial of Big Bear on the charge of treason-felony began at 10 o'clock last Friday morning before Judge Richardson, at Regina.

F. B. Robertson for the defence; D. L. Scott and W. C. Hamilton for the prosecution.

It took over an hour to read and interpret the long charge, and when this was done the jury was sworn.

John Pritchard, a half-breed, who had been in the Indian Department at Frog Lake, and who was taken prisoner at the same time with the nine who were murdered when the news of the rebellion reached there, said Big Bear told his people that he would remain loyal and would not fight. The same day that Big Bear said this the witness was taken prisoner by Bear's band and kept for two months. He understood that he was Big Bear's prisoner. When they were at Fort Pitt, Bear had written a letter to the other chiefs asking them to join him. Bear, he said, had been instrumental in getting the release of several of the prisoners.

The case occupied the whole day. The addresses, evidence and summing up were similar to those in the Poundmaker case, several witnesses testifying from long experience to the good character of the prisoner.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty with a recommendation to mercy.

Sentence was deferred until the following morning when Judge Richardson sentenced Big Bear to three years at Stony Mountain.

COMMUNICATIONS

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents, but are willing to give space in our paper at any time for the discussion of public questions.

We shall not publish any letter unless accompanied with the name and address of the sender, not necessarily intended for publication.

MENOTA.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

As the season advances I shall keep your readers better posted on matters around here.

Grain is going to turn out well in this part as very little damage has been done by the frost.

As harvest is about over now in this section, and a good portion of the grain safe in stack we commence to hear what is pleasant to the ear in this back country—the sound of the steam thresher whistle.

The new steamer belonging to Messrs. Dobyn & Newbery is doing excellent work. Your correspondent assisted on the farm of John Dobyn to thresh five hundred and sixteen bushels of wheat, of excellent quality, in four hours and forty minutes with the new steamer.

INIX.

BIRTLE.

[From the Observer.]

Mr. and Mrs. Walley have left for Ontario to visit friends in Ingersol.

Two pleasure steam boats are to be placed on Shoal Lake next season.

Mr. S. Adams has had a young horse badly hurt by being caught in a wire fence.

Mr. Carpenter gives the pleasant information that much of the wheat grown on the sharp land of the plains will be uninjured by the frost.

We have been shown a specimen of white Russian wheat, grown on the farm of W. A. Doyle, Esq. The wheat is well matured and beside being exceedingly productive it is said to be much earlier than the Red Fife.

"If seasons alter and hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,"

farmers in Manitoba will require to get the earlier kinds of wheat, whatever may be the advantages of the later varieties. The use of frozen wheat as seed is said to hinder the advancement of growing crops. Those who have sowed sound grain on one portion of a field and frozen seed on another portion say that the good wheat is by far the earliest.

MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Mr. Rogers lost a fine mare on Friday night last from inflamation.

Mr. Jno. McLachlan started the threshing season at Mr. Rogers', and P. W. McLachlan at D. McGillivray's this week.

Mr. Wells lost a mare on Sunday the 6th inst. The animal had broken out of the stable during Saturday and was found dead in the wheat field the next day.

Can you explain, Mr. Editor, just what the regulations are respecting the requiring the farmer to either stack his wheat or store it in the granary for three weeks before taking it to the elevators? It has been reported that Ogilvie will refuse to accept wheat threshed from the shock and drawn direct to the elevator.

It having been mentioned in the ADVANCE that the "Arion Quartette Club" would assist in the program of the Literary Club on Saturday evening last, it was no surprise that there was a crowded house to greet them, even though it is in the depth of harvest.

The program was not a very lengthy one but was somewhat more varied than usual and was well rendered throughout so that every person went away well pleased with the evening's amusement.

The opening piece—"Speed away"—by the "Arion Quartette Club" was splendidly given—as indeed were their two succeeding renderings of "Moonlight on the waves" and "The soldier's farewell," and elicited hearty applause from the audience. Mr. W. Carefoot followed with an Irish reading which caused considerable mirth, after which Mr. J. G. Fitzo sang "Trabbling back to Dixie" in first class style. Mr. Wilson then gave "Paddy's version of Excelsior," taking the audience completely by storm. Miss Maggie Rogers next sang "My first music lesson," after which Mr. D. McGillivray gave a selection on the violin. Mr. Wilson now gave "If I was as young as I used to be," causing roars of laughter at the end of each verse. Master Wm. Elder next gave a recitation in splendid style for one so young, after which the Club gave another fine selection, followed by a duet—organ and violin—by Miss Rogers and Mr. A. B. Elford. Next came the hit of the evening—"The Montgomery Guards"—by Mr. Wilson, in which he fairly convulsed the audience. The "Arion Club then appropriately closed the performance with "The Soldier's farewell," which was sung with fine effect.

A hearty vote of thanks to the "Arion Club" was moved by Mr. Anderson and seconded by Mr. Elder, who in so doing included the whole of the friends from Virden who had favored us with their presence. The subject chosen for the next debate is "Which is the greater evil, slander or flattery," with Messrs. Anderson and Hunter as champions. Mr. Fitzo was appointed chairman of the next meeting. After a vote of thanks to the chairman the meeting was brought to a close as usual with "God save the Queen."

We have enquired of Mr. Clark in reference to the question asked above and find that he does not refuse to store grain threshed from the field, but it is at the owner's risk. He advises every farmer to properly dry the grain before threshing as it improves it.—ED. ADVANCE.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Board of Trade has been revived at Brandon.

The Board of Health has ordered quarantine against vessels from Canada.

The day for the general election in England has been fixed for November 14th.

Ten American Masonic Grand-lodges excludes saloon-keepers from membership.

The trial of Thomas Scott, at Regina, for treason-felony has resulted in his acquittal.

Churchill is suffering from nervous prostration. A few week's rest will restore him to good health.

Mr. W. B. Scarth, manager of the North-West Land Company, has arrived at Winnipeg from a business trip to England.

The Lord Mayor of London has opened a relief fund for the suffering people of the cholera infected districts of Spain.

The Ontario Exhibition was formally opened at London by His Excellency, the Governor General, last Wednesday. The principal attraction was the display from Manitoba.

Washington Court House, a prosperous town in Ohio, was struck by a cyclone on Sept. 8th and rendered into a mass of ruins. A large number of people were wounded and several killed.

The War Office has recommended the issue of medals to the Canadian soldiers who were engaged in suppressing the Riel rebellion, and the Queen has given the recommendation her approval.

It is officially stated that the issue of scrip and land warrents to volunteers will be commenced by the Department of the Interior immediately on receipt of certificates to be given in exchange by the Militia Department.

War is likely to break out at any time between Spain and Germany. The quarrel is over the possession of the Caroline and Pelew Islands in the Pacific Ocean. Should war break out France would probably fight on the side of Spain.

A woman in Bennett Valley, Buffalo Co., recently gave birth to four children three of whom are living. Taken collectively they weighed twenty-five pounds. The smallest weighed five pounds. The mother and three children are doing well.

Letters from China represent that France lost 75,000 men in the Tonquin campaign, and that her losses in money, including the cost of building forts, hospitals and frontier defences, were £43,000,000, while China's losses were 15,000 men and £38,000,000.

Chief Justice Wallbridge and Judges Taylor and Killam gave their decision on the Riel appeal case on Wednesday. They all concurred in holding that the conviction must be confirmed and a new trial refused. Riel's council have taken the case to the Privy Council.

TORONTO, Sept. 15.—The Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance this morning adopted a report regarding the better enforcement of the Scott Act. It also adopted the first clause of a report re electoral action, viz.: "That this convention affirm the necessity of electing prohibitionists to all representative bodies—municipal, educational and parliamentary".

Mr. Barrett, Inspector of Inland Revenue, says that since the use and manufacture of intoxicating liquors are disallowed in the Northwest, the benefactors have taken to making a beverage called "hop beer" that is intoxicating to all intents and purposes. He found a regularly established concern at Moose Jaw, whose products contain 7 per cent. of alcohol. He is reporting his discoveries to the authorities at Ottawa.

Mr. Ogilvie states that there is not half as much damage done to the crop as some people suppose. It was only yesterday that he received samples of wheat from two different points in Manitoba, and states that the quality is fully as good as No. 2 hard. There was very little of this class of wheat last year. All that is required now for the successful completion of the ingathering of the crop is a few days dry weather.

Provincial Exhibition!

The Tenth Provincial Exhibition

will be held under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture at

St. Boniface, Manitoba,

— ON —

SEPTEMBER 28, 29 AND 30,

— AND —

OCTOBER 1, 2 AND 3.

$10,000 In Money Prizes!

BESIDES MEDALS, DIPLOMAS, ETC.

Closed stalls provided for Horses and comfortable sheds for other animals.
Passengers will be carried by railway at a single fare for the double journey. Exhibits at a single rate.
See posters and advertisements for particulars of special trains, etc.

Formal opening by the Lieut.-Governor, September 30th.
Entries close September the 15th. Entry fee $1.00.

Admission to Grounds, 25 Cts.

For Prize Lists, Entry Papers and other particulars address
ACTON BURROWS,
Secretary-Treasurer Board of Agriculture, Winnipeg.

SUBSCRIBE

— FOR —

THE VIRDEN ADVANCE

$1.50

A YEAR.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
WESTERN DIVISION.

TRAIN SERVICE.

On and after May 31st, 1885, trains will move as follows:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE
8.30 a.m.	Winnipeg	6.30 p.m.
11.05 a.m.	Portage la Prairie	4.00 p.m.
1.45 p.m.	Carberry	1.45 p.m.
2.15 p.m.	Brandon	11.00 a.m.
2.40 p.m.	Kemnay	10.30 a.m.
3.05 p.m.	Alexander	10.10 a.m.
3.30 p.m.	Griswold	9.40 a.m.
4.00 p.m.	Oak Lake	9.15 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Virden	8.35 a.m.
5.05 p.m.	Hargrave	8.10 a.m.
5.30 p.m.	Elkhorn	7.45 a.m.
6.15 p.m.	Fleming	7.05 a.m.
6.45 p.m.	Moosomin	6.15 a.m.
7.05 p.m.	Red Jacket	5.50 a.m.
7.35 p.m.	Wapella	5.25 a.m.
7.55 p.m.	Burrows	5.02 a.m.
8.15 p.m.	Whitewood	4.44 a.m.
8.45 p.m.	Percival	4.22 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Broadview	3.45 a.m.
1.00 a.m.	Qu'Appelle	1.00 a.m.
3.15 a.m.	Regina	11.15 p.m.
4.45 a.m.	Moose Jaw	8.15 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	Swift Current	12.45 p.m.
8.30 p.m.	Maple Creek	7.10 a.m.
1.30 a.m.	Medicine Hat	2.30 a.m.
10.15 a.m.	Gleichen	5.45 p.m.
1.50 p.m.	Calgary	2.30 p.m.
ARRIVE.		LEAVE.

Trains between Winnipeg and Moose Jaw run daily except Sundays.

Three trains a week between Winnipeg and Canmore, leaving Winnipeg Monday, Tuesday and Friday; returning leave Canmore Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

TRAINS RUN BY STANDARD TIME.

JOHN EGAN, Superintendent. W. C. VANHORNE, Manager.

FRAME & MILLAR,

Importers and Dealers

— IN —

LUMBER,

HARDWARE, TARR'D FELT and BROWN BUILDING PAPER, PAINTS, OILS

— AND —

FURNITURE!

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Our Hay Scales are now ready for Public Weighing.

ELKHORN.

William M. Cushing,

— DEALER IN —

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, BOOTS and SHOES, DRYGOODS, CLOTHING, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, PAINTS and OILS, LUMBER, ETC.

TERMS: CASH.

WILLIAM M. CUSHING

DOWNS BROS.

CASH STORE!

We are daily receiving our Fall stock of goods.

Full range of Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes in Leather and Felt.

Groceries and Provisions at Lowest Possible Prices.

We Respectfully Solicit Inspection.

PIONEER BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

A. E. SMITH,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has just received a fine stock of Hand Made Boots and Shoes, made of the Best French Calf and Imperial Kid, which will be sold CHEAP for CASH. Satisfaction guaranteed.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

A SPLENDID LEATHER OIL AND LEATHER LACE ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR HIDES, ETC.

Store.—Seventh Avenue, Virden, Manitoba.

LEAVE YOUR WATCHES WITH
W. H. HALL,
— AT THE —
"VIRDEN ADVANCE" OFFICE,
And they will be forwarded for repair to McINTYRE & DAVIDSON, Watchmakers & Jewelers, Portage la Prairie.
☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED ☜

CHEAP FURNITURE.

A large stock of New Furniture at Prices Cheaper than ever for Cash.

All Goods Bought for Cash and sold at a small Advance.

COME AND SEE PRICES.

Nelson Street, DAN. FEENEY,

Written for the Virden Advance.

Cæsar.

A dog he is, of mongrel breed,
A common dog is he;
He runs about himself to feed,
At any time when free—
This Cæsar.

His master took him when but young,
And trained him carefully;
From ancient names which have been sung
He christened him with glee—
Great Cæsar!

His build is long and lean and lank,
His skin a scurvy hide,
His ears adown his neck do flank,
Like ear-rings on a bride—
Dear Cæsar.

His eyes are of peculiar leer,
His teeth are snowy white,
His tail is placed behind to steer
His rambles in the night—
Queer Cæsar!

He howls as other dogs do howl,
And gnaws his bone, you bet!
And then he feeds on fatten'd fowl,
Or fishes caught by net—
Does Cæsar.

He drinks as other dogs do drink,
And wags his tail the same,
And shuts his eyes whene'er he blinks,
And comes when called by name—
Clever Cæsar!

He sometimes gets so full of ills
And down of mouth is he;
To save his hide his boss him fills
With medicine and tea—
Poor Cæsar!

He carries ornamental tags
Strung all around his neck,
And when for joy his tail he wags
He's a ludicrous spec.—
That Cæsar.

He's nothing bright, all will concur,
But comical, 'tis true;
He says, "I am my master's cur,
Pray, whose dog are you."
Precocious Cæsar!

And thus my dear friends now you know
This dog of canine fame,
That makes his master redden so
To hear of Cæsar's name—
Magnanimous Cæsar.

Now let us sing, long live the dog,
And long his master, too;
And may their fond joys never clog,
And doings never rue.
Farewell Cæsar.

The Virden Advance

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17th 1885.

VIRDEN AND VICINITY.

—Threshing is now the order of the day.

—A thunder storm passed over the town yesterday morning.

—A new livery stable will probably be erected shortly in Virden.

—Mr. Sutherland left on Tuesday to attend the Prebytery at Minnedosa.

—There is some talk of starting a chess and whist club here this winter.

—A barn raising took place last week on the farm of Mr. McGiffin, south of Virden.

—The frame of the Virden grist mill was raised last Friday, a large number of citizens assisting.

—The frame of Mr. Colter's new store is now erected and the building will soon be completed.

—Wm. Crothers, of 10, 8, 27, threshed oats last week which averaged 75 bushels to the acre.

—The new drug store is receiving the finishing touches and Mr. Freeborn expects to move in next week.

—The Wallace municipal council met at Virden on Tuesday. The minutes will appear in the next issue of the Advance.

—The Registry office has been removed to Nelson street where it will probably remain till proper accomodation is provided by the authorities.

—There is to be a concert and magic lantern exhibition in aid of the Methodist Church Trust fund, at the time of the Fall Show, in Virden. The ladies intend giving a dinner for the same purpose.

—Stewart Clark, from across the river, brought in the first load of oats this season and sold it to McBean Bros. for 20 cents per bushel. Mr. Colter informs us that it was the finest sample of oats he has seen in this district.

—Mr. Clark, who for some time past hasfilled the position of grain-buyer at this point for Messrs. Ogilvie & Co., has resigned and intends moving to his farm. Mr. Sharp, from north of Moosomin, has been appointed to the position occupied by Mr. Clark.

—We understand that it is not improbable that His Highness the Governor General will stop off here next Monday and pay a visit to Messrs. Bowerie and Routledge. Advantage should be taken of this by the citizens and an address prepared to be presented to him.

—At a meeting of the Virden Presbyterian church held on Monday evening Mr. Sutherland intimated that he had handed in his resignation to the Home Mission Board. At the same meeting it was resolved by a bare majority of those present not to use the organ to assist the singing, and also not to use the new hymn book. As a result of this decision it is not unlikely that several young people who prefer a musical service will organize a young people's meeting to be held on Sunday mornings.

—The city water cart was badly needed on Monday to lay the dust.

—Rev. W. D. Peters will preach at the residence of Mr. John Cameron next Sabbath at 10:30 a.m.

—Mr. A. C. Matthews, manager for Dunn, Winman & Co., of Winnipeg, was in town last Friday and Saturday.

—Mr. W. A. Macdonald's law office is for the present located behind the new Registry office, on Nelson street.

—Read our advertisement columns carefully this week as several new ones have added and a number of old ones enlarged.

—Is it not about time some steps were taken to re-organize the Virden Literary and Debating Society. Who are the officers, anyway.

—As will be seen by advertisement in another column Mr. P. D. White has opened a tonsorial parlor above the billiard hall, on Nelson street.

—We would call attention to the advertisement in another column warning persons against cutting timber from the bluff on this town plot.

—Rev. T. B. Beynon will hold service at the residence of Mrs. Matthews next Sabbath, at 10:30 a.m., at Mr. Sparrow's at 3 p.m., and in Virden at 7 p.m. Subject of evening discourse: "The reward of heroism."

—Messrs. McLean & Graham were threshing last week for Mr. Wm. Mcdonald, and in seven hours threshed 1,210 bushels of wheat and 96 bushels of barley. The grain threshed was a fine sample and not injured in the least by the frost.

—Since printing the prize list for the Dennis Agricultural Show several additional special prizes have been offered. Messers Routledge & H. M. Power have offered a 1st prize of $3 and 2nd of $2 for the best pony (horse or mare) under 14 hands high; Mr. Bouverie has offered a prize of $1 for the best three red pickle cabbages; and Dr. Guest has given $5 to be used by the Directors as they think best.

???????

—Is Virden to have a court house?

—When is our new school house to be started?

—What takes a certain well-known official so often down the track?

—Who wishes to be pope of one of the leading churches of Virden?

—Do the citizens of Virden intend to let the town be burnt down before organizing a fire brigade?

—Is it gentlemanly to persist in defying the authority of the chair at a meeting after that meeting has sustained the rulin of the chair?

—Which at the present time is most to be feared—a mother-in-law or a father-in-law? We were trained to believe that a mother-in-law was most to be dreaded, but things may have changed since then.

—Would the Virden furniture dealer, who put in Friday night last roving around through Township Eleven, please give his experience, as a great many are solicitous to know how he put in the night? How does Doc. McLeod's place strike him at three in the morning? It would be safer if he would employ an Indian guide when he thinks of going to the wilds of Eleven again.

VIRDEN MARKET REPORT.

	c.
Eggs	15
Butter	11
Potatoes	50
Oats	40
Wheat, No 1 Northern	
" " 2 Northern	
" " 1 Regular	
" " 2 Regular	
Flour	$2.25

WANTED.—CORRESPONDENTS AT Griswold and Oak Lake for this paper. Address: Editor, Virden "Advance."

WANTED.—A LIVE SUBSCRIPTION agent at Griswold for the Virden Advance. Liberal commission allowed. Address: Editor, Virden "Advance."

WARNING!

ANY PERSON CUTTING OR REMOVING timber from the bluff in this town plot will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.
J. W. FRAME,
Virden, Sept. 17th. Agent N.-W. Land Co.

Municipality of Pipestone.

TAKE NOTICE:—THAT A BY-LAW TO authorize a loan of $2,[illegible], for the purpose of aiding in the construction of the proposed Grist and Flour Mill at Virden, has been duly passed by the Council of the Municipality of Pipestone; that the proofs of the due passing of the said By-law, and of the requirements of the statute on that behalf preliminary to its being so passed having been complied with, have been submitted to His Honor, the judge of the County Courts of the Western Judicial District, who will be applied to for a certificate as to said by-law under the provisions of Sec. 1[illegible], 47 Victoria, on or after the 21st of September, 1885.
Dated at Virden this 20th day of August, 1885.
ARTHUR P. POWER, Clerk,
Municipality of Pipestone.

MONEY! MONEY!

$50,000 TO INVEST ON FARM property at 8 per cent interest. All transactions STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.
Apply to H. H. COULTER, at W. A. Macdonald's Law Office, Virden.

L.O.L., 1519,

MEETS ON MONday before every full moon at the Victoria House, Virden, @ 8 o'clock.
J. PICKERING, Master.
T. WILLIS, Secretary.

P. D. WHITE,
(Late of Winnipeg)
BARBER,
Has opened a Tonsorial Parlor above the BILLIARD Hall,
NELSON STREET, VIRDEN.
CITY PRICES!

W. A. MACDONALD,
Barrister, Attorney, Conveyancer, etc.
A Large Amount of
MONEY TO LOAN
at low rates of Interest.
Office behind the new Registry Office, Nelson St, Virden.

OTTAWA HOTEL.
The undersigned begs to inform his patrons and the public generally that the above Hotel has been thoroughly renovated and refitted and is now in every respect equal to any house in the Province. A first class table supplied with every delicacy and variety that the season offers. Guests may rest assured of receiving every attention in the house at any hour. First class stabling and attentive hostler. Rates to suit the times.
JAS. BEECH, PROPRIETOR.

Leave your orders for Job Work at the office of the Virden Advance.

GEO. H. BURGE,
Contractor & Builder.
Plans and Specifications Furnished.
Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.
POST OFFICE ADDRESS, VIRDEN, MAN.

MRS. J. W. GRAHAM,
(Late of Ontario.)
Dress and Mantle Making and Plain Sewing.
-PRICES REASONABLE.-
APPRENTICES WANTED.
Two Doors South of Post Office, Virden, Man.

Carpet Weaving,
Parties wishing a good Carpet made can have it done during the summer by sending to the subscriber.
BEST WARP FURNISHED.
JAS. MITCHELL,
Sec. 12, 13, 26, Arrow River Ferry.

ARTHUR T. TIMEWELL,
ARCHITECT, SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
Special attention given to Elevators and Mills in any part of the Province.
OFFICES: Caldwell Block, Opposite New Post Office, Main Street, Winnipeg.

MARSHALL & EASTON,
Carpenters & Builders.
All Kinds of Repairing done on Wagons, Buckboards, &c.
Jobbing done on the shortest notice.
TERMS MODERATE.
NELSON STREET VIRDEN, MAN

VIRDEN HOUSE,
—VIRDEN, MAN.—
R. BELLAMY, - PROPRIETOR.
One of the Largest and Best Furnished Hotels West of Brandon.
THE ONLY SAMPLE ROOM IN TOWN.
—Livery in Connection.—
—CHARGES MODERATE.—

McDONALD & BOLTON,
—BLACKSMITHS.—
Horse Shoeing & General Jobbing promptly attended to.
Terms Moderate and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Corner St., and 6th Ave., Virden.

MONEY TO LOAN!
On Improved Farms for 3 to 5 years, at from 8 to 9 per cent. interest, paying interest each year or paying part of the principal with the interest, as the borrower may wish. No commission charged.
Mortgages can be paid off any time by giving 3 months notice.
Interest charged on unpaid principal only.
Apply to,
A. G. McDougall,
Agent for,
Canadian Pacific Railway Lands.
Cunard Line of Steamers from New York to Liverpool.
Allan Line of Steamers from Montreal to Liverpool.
Anchor Line of Steamers from New York to Glasgow.
Commissioner for taking Affidavits. Deeds, Mortgages and Agreements drawn up.
Office Hours from 10 a.m., to 4 p.m.
A. G. MDOUGALL.
Virden, July 9th, 1885.

"THE ADVANCE"
Job Department
—IS—
Prepared to Produce
JOB PRINTING
Of All Descriptions, Including
MUNICIPAL
AND
COMMERCIAL
PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS.
All work entrusted to our care will be promptly executed at moderate terms.
—ADDRESS:—
W. H. HALL,
"Advance Office,"
Virden.

SAVE YOUR GRAIN!
Specially Low Quotations for lumber for Granaries
—AT—
STEVENS & PALMER'S
LUMBER YARD.
Doors, Sashes and Lumber of all Description in Stock.

OILS! OILS!
Machine Oil,
Boiled Oil,
Raw Oil,
Black Oil,
Coal Oil.
Fireproof Paint Ready Mixed.
All Kinds of Paint and Putty. Glass all Sizes and Cut to Suit.
HARDWARE.
Breech and Muzzle Guns, Chilled shot and Common Shot, Shells, Cartridges, Cutlery, Etc.
A. M. CAIN.
NELSON STREET, VIRDEN, MAN.

WILCOX & Co.,
General Merchants.

T. COLTER'S
B-A-K-E-R-Y,
CORNER NELSON ST. AND 7th AVE.
SUPERIOR BREAD,
CONFECTIONERY,
BISCUITS, BUNS, &c.
Prime Cigars. Fruit in Season.
Picnics and Parties supplied on Short Notice

SARJEANT & GIFFORD,
BUTCHERS.
All kinds of Fresh Meat constantly on hand, sold at the Lowest Possible Prices.
Cash paid for Fat Cattle, Pigs and Sheep.
Cor. 7th Ave. and Nelson St., Virden.

W. CLAYTON & SONS,
BUILDERS, CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.
Stairs, Rails, Sashes and Frames made at Factory Prices.
Plans an Specifications Prepared at Short Notice.
WORKSHOP: SEVENTH AVE. VIRDEN.

House Sign and Carrage Painting done at Cheapest Rates.
GEO. TURNER,
VIRDEN MANITOBA.

MISS BORLAND,
late of
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE,
has opened up a Dress and Mantle making Business on
SIXTH AVENUE, VIRDEN.

FINE JOB WORK.

LADIES.
YOU CAN GET
Berlin Wools,
Embroidery Silks,
Macrame-Cord,
Stamping Patterns,
Plush Albums,
Jewellery,
Fancy Goods,
Stationary, &c.
—ALSO—
GENTS FURNISHINGS.
Latest Styles in Shirts, Collars, Scarfs' Silk Handkerchiefs, &c.
Choice Imported Cigars, Cigarettes' Pipes, Tobacco, &c.
ALSO FULL LINES OF STATIONERY, BOOKS AND MUSIC
—AT—
WILSON'S NEW STORE,
Seventh Avenue, Virden.

MEDICAL HALL!
A. C. FREEBORN,
—DEALER IN—
DRUGS & STATIONERY,
Patent Medicines, Druggists Sundries, Fancy and Toilet Articles, School Books, Bags, Etc.. Etc.
- Agent for Laurance's Optical Glasses.-
SIXTH AVENUE, - - VIRDEN, MAN.

GOODS ALL SOLD
—AT—
ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
—AT—
B. MEEK'S.
One Price to All. Terms Cash

W. G. WYATT,
Bricklayer, Plasterer, Stone Mason, &c.
Lime, Brick, Hair, and Plaster kept on hond For Sale.
Estimates furnished for all kinds of Brick and Stone Work and Plastering.
—Special Attention Given to Orders.—
SEVENTH AVENUE, VIRDEN, MAN.

WRIGHT BROS.,
GENERAL BLACKSMITHS.
Horse Shoeing, Repairing, &c., &c.
Work promptly executed and prices low.
NELSON ST. VIRDEN, MAN

THE FARM.

Milk! Milk! Milk!

The question with most farmers in a civilized community is, not how much milk can a cow be made to give, but how much will she give on ordinary food. This surprisingly few farmers know much about. They think, perhaps, that they know, but their knowledge is based upon a slender line of facts. A cow has a big, fleshy, showy udder, and milks fairly. She is set down as a big milker and as a profitable cow; perhaps, reckoned as the most profitable cow in the herd. Near her stands a little cow, with a moderately sized udder, and giving a fair mess of milk, which she keeps up in quantity all through the season, and which in quality and real value makes her yield fully equal to the larger product of the big showy cow. The farmer does not know this fact, and may never find it out, unless he takes pains to learn it by a system of weighing, and testing the milk of different cows. We have never known a herd to be carefully tested in this way, when the estimates of the proprietor and his men, who do the milking and handling of the cows, have not been proved to be incorrect—often greatly to their surprise.

The system to be followed in testing is about as follows: The milk of each cow is drawn separately, and as soon as drawn, the milker takes his pail (which should be of tin), to a good scale, and weighs it, putting down both the gross weight and the net weight, after deducting the weight of the pail. The pail should, by the way, be weighed twice a week, for variations constantly occur. Pails are washed and frequently scoured, so after a few days a slight reduction in weight will be almost always noticed. A slate may be used for recording these weighings, and it is well to have every cow's name written plainly, and scratched in or painted neatly on the slate, and lines ruled for the morning and evening milking. The slate is taken every evening to the office, and the net weights transferred to a book, care being exercised to see that they are correct. If nothing more is done than to keep this record for a year, the information obtained will be invaluable; but this is not enough—far from it. The relative richness of the milk of different cows should be known. This may be ascertained in various ways. The whole of one day's milk of one cow may be set, ripened, and churned whole every day—taking a different cow each day, and being sure to test each cow four or five days before or after she comes in heat. This is perhaps the best plan, but it takes a good deal of milk and considerable time, both of which cannot always be conveniently spared. Besides, a single test for each cow has little value, compared with several, for there will almost always be found variations in the amount of butter yielded by the same cow, even when the amount of milk is the same. A smaller quantity of milk carefully weighed, will give very accurate results. Thus, eight pounds of milk weighed when [illegible] unstopped until sour, and then churned by shaking, will give very good results. Half the quantity of milk in a one-gallon bottle, will do very well, but the results are less accurate. The best way to manage this bottle churning is, to fasten a strap around the bottle, by which, and a stout cord, it may be suspended at a convenient height from the ceiling. The well stoppered neck is taken in one hand, and the churn swung actively back and forth. After a minute or two, the stopper must be carefully removed to allow liberated gases to escape, as is usual in barrel churns.

Use of Sawdust.

The amount of sawdust made by portable steam sawmills that have been travelling through the timber sections of our country has encouraged farmers to utilize it for farm purposes, but the opinions of its value are not agreed. It has been asserted by some that its absorptive powers were excellent, and that for bedding purposes it served an excellent purpose, and it has been largely used in that manner. But by some it is claimed that ordinary damp sawdust will absorb but little. One who had tried the experiment claimed that sawdust that had not passed through any stage of decomposition, when spread upon mowing land, had killed the grass, although saturated with urine and juices of the manure. If this is so it is a matter of interest.

We had always supposed that if sawdust was used as an absorbent and was well mixed with manure it would become charged with the chemical change of the manure in its decomposition, and so become available with the manure. It is a singular fact that sawdust is very slow of decomposition when left to itself, and this has been verified by one who placed a large quantity in his barn yard in the supposition that it would come out in a little time suitable for manurial purposes, but which, much to his surprise, after remaining there about one year, was found to be about as fresh as when first placed there, and of no possible use as a fertiliser. It would seem as though sawdust well dried would make an excellent dryer in the manufacture of domestic phosphate, and that the acid would tend to reduce it to such condition as would at least prevent any injurious effects upon growing crops. It is pleasant to use for many purposes. Thrown under a shed in winter where hens are kept to get at the sun, it affords a much warmer footing than the frozen earth.

Attend to the Fall Feeding.

When the pastures begin to fall off, some extra food should be provided for all the stock, but especially the cows. Horses are always well cared for, but the cows are too often neglected, both as to food, and a supply of pure water. These farmers who have provided some soiling crops, will find the benefit of the fresh green fodder; those who have not, will now see the disadvantage of being short of food just at this season. It is very easy to secure this supply of food for the short season. Every farmer has a neglected piece of land, which is bringing in nothing, and which could be made to produce a very profitable crop of green feed. Such an opportunity should not be neglected. Where the supply has been provided, a liberal feed should be given daily. It is a mistake to suppose that it is better to save the food for winter, and spare it at this season. When any animal is kept short of food, it goes back rapidly, and more food will be required to make up this lost ground, than would have kept the animal in its normal condition. This is especially true as regards swine; if these are permitted to fall off now for lack of food, they will consume much more than the present gain, in recovering the loss. Animals that are intended for fattening, should be kept on full feed now, and those to be wintered over, should be kept in good condition. The old, and true adage, should not be forgotten, viz: "an animal that is well summered, is half wintered."

A GIRL'S WONDERFUL ENDURANCE.

Living For Three Weeks Without Food.

A remarkable instance of endurance and of the possibility of living without food for three weeks has, the Melbourne (Australia) *Argus* says, recently come to light. On the 12th of May a girl named Clara Crosby, twelve years old, was lost in the bush in the Lilydale district, about twenty-five miles from Melbourne. The locality in which she disappeared was wild and mountainous, and after several search parties had unsuccessfully scoured it, it was concluded that she had perished in some inaccessible spot. It is probable, however, that she would have been found promptly had not erroneous information been given to the search parties that she had been seen proceeding in a certain direction. On the 2nd of June, just three weeks after she was lost, two men, who were looking for a strayed horse in some dense scrub in the locality, heard a faint "Coo-ee." The men searched, and soon saw the little girl tottering towards them in an ulster, without shoes or stockings on, and in an emaciated condition. She was, however, strange to say, quite sensible. When she lost herself she was proceeding from a house where she had been staying to her mother's, in the neighborhood, and she subsequently gave the following account of her adventures:

"I got out of the paddocks on to the road all right, and went on a long way; but I did not see mother's house. I followed some sheep, and they ran away from me. I lay down and had a little sleep by a path in some long grass, and then I went on again. I got to a house where there was a cart in a shed; but there was nobody at home. I didn't stop till I got into some rushes, which cut my legs, and came to a creek with a tree across it. I lay down in the rushes for the night, and in the morning I crossed the creek on the log. Near the other side a branch broke, and I fell into the water, but managed to cling to the bank. Close by I saw a hollow tree, and I was tired and wanted to sleep, so I went in there. When I woke up I could not look for my way. I went down to the creek five times for water at first. I used to sleep a lot, and as soon as it was night it was day, and when it was day it was night quick again. On moonlight nights I heard people firing guns, and I heard them knocking—making a fence; but when I coo-e-d they did not hear me. I used to sing Salvation Army hymns at first, and pray that someone would come for me. The cows used to come and look at me, but I could not get any milk. I tried to chew a bit of bark, but spat it out, as I thought it would poison me, and I got weaker every day."

Australians are familiar with the agonising experience undergone by people lost in the bush, and know that in such cases adults, as a rule, do not maintain their mental balance, and that the difficulties of their position are consequently greatly enhanced. This little girl, however—who, by the by, was not accustomed to country life—was actually able to preserve a mental record of the exact number of days during which she was "out of humanity's reach."

Printers' Errors in Bibles.

The recent revision of the Bible has called attention to Bibles generally, and especially those famous for their curious misprints. The earliest is the "Place-makers' Bible," printed at Geneva in 1561, in which the letter l was substituted for an e in the seventh beatitude. The "Vinegar Bible" was published at Oxford in 1717, the word *vineyard* being misprinted *vinegar*. In the "Wicked Bible," only four copies of which are now in existence, the negative was left out of the seventh commandment, and the printer was fined £3,000 by Archbishop Laud, though it is said to have been commuted to £300. The "Persecuting Printers' Bible," in which the Psalmist is made to say Printers have persecuted me without a cause," dates from 1702. The "Ears-to-ear Bible" was printed at Oxford early in the presen century, the mistake occuring in Matth w xiii. 43, and no less than three edition, the latest being 1823, transformed the word *fishers*, in Ezekiel xvii. 10, into *fishes*, so that the phrase ran's "fishes shae stand upon it." There was also what was called the "Breeches Bible" (1579), so called because Gen. iii. 7 was rendered, "The eyes of them bothe were opened......and they sewed figge-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

The Chinese Viceroy of Chen-si and Kan-su explains that the earthquakes which have done much damage in his jurisdiction were chiefly occasioned by the mildness of the winter, which caused an excess of the *yang* or male element of nature; but they were due in a measure to the perfunctory performance of their public duties by the local officials, who failed to call down the harmonising influence of heaven.

QUEER WEDDINGS.

"Thought He'd Just Fetch Her Up to the Parsons'."

A popular preacher was "taking tu ns" with the hired man in running a lawn-mower over his front lawn. He had paused to catch with a handkerchief a salty pearl of perspiration that threatened to drop from his nasal tip to the cavity beneath, and to remark about "all flesh being grass," when a slouchy-looking man stopped at the gate and asked if the preacher lived there.

"I want to be married," he explained "and right away, too." The preacher promised to get ready at once, and go to meet the bride with the groom.

"You needn't mind puttin' on nothin' or goin' nowhere," said the man.

"But where's the bride?"

"She's right here. I left her in the alley till I could find you. She's a backward sort of gal, and there's no use trying to get her to no church or into no parlor. But the license is all right, and you come along and tie the knot."

By one of those fortuitous circumstances which so often are meted providentially to the reportorial fraternity, a reporter happened along, and was called as a witness. He followed the coatless preacher and the innocent bridegroom to the head of the alley, and the groom cheerily called to "Claris" to come out. The papers were examined, the blanks filled out in full, and the wedding ceremony performed then and there.

"Do you have many calls of this kind?" was asked of the preacher.

"A great many more than might be supposed. Very often these quiet parties come to my house, usually having first notified me, and are married in the presence of a few witnesses. I had a case of this kind this week, and very reputable people they were. Not long ago I was stopped on the street and called up into a block to marry a couple. After pronouncing them husband and wife, in accordance with my custom, I said 'Let us pray.' The groom abandoned his bride left her standing in the middle of the floor, and walked across the room to a bed, where he knelt throughout prayer. I admired a sentiment which prompted him to a return, no doubt to a boyhood custom, but in pity for the loneliness of the bride I made the prayer unorthodoxly short.

"It hasn't been ten days since a bride and bridegroom drove up to my door in a delivery wagon. The groom was the regular driver, and upon his rounds he called for his Dulcinea and "thought he'd just fetch her right up to the parson's.' He was in his shirt sleeves and work clothes; she was dressed in white, with a great cluster of red ribbons knotted at her side. She looked and acted the part of a bride, but he was more like a last year's groom."

Much Croaking about Marriage.

The average society journal devotes about one column per week to the discussion of the so-called marriage problem. In this the tendency toward celibacy is again and again repeated and every remedy which could possibly be thought of is invented at some time and place. In nine cases out of ten, while some responsibility is attributed to men, the blame for the fallin off in marriages is placed upon women. They are accused of being vain, extravagant, incompetent, and frivolous, and utterly without qualification for any sterner work than flirting or idling away whole days over sensational novels. The merits of the young man who minds his own business and doesn't get married are lauded to the skies; those of a girl who does exactly the same thing are never mentioned.

Of course, the young men are not to blame for the falling off in the number of marriages. Who ever heard of a young man who was lacking in any single or double respect? As a rule, they never smoke, drink, or idle their time away, but are busy day after day developing their mental qualities by industrious study, and saving their hard-earned wages for the purpose of getting married at a later day. Girls frequent beer saloons, play pool, and organize expensive clubs, but the young man has no time for such frivolous entertainment. If he did he would fall quite to the level of his sister, and such a fate must be escaped at all hazards.

The marriage problem will doubtless solve itself in a little time, as most evils work out their own solution. At any rate, there is no reason to fear the depopulation of the country from the falling of in the number now. Nearly every institution that the world has ever sanctioned at some time or another has passed through some species of trial. The desire for congenial feminine society is natural to every man, and will continue to be gratified in spite of high rents and extravagant markets. And while it is being gratified, just a little less of the one-sided arguments against women would be acceptable.

On the whole, women are as sensible as men,—very often more so,—and given a fair opportunity, with a husband worthy of the name, they are usually able to do their part towards keeping the wolf from the door and making home pleasant for those who share in its happiness.

The *Wood Worker* mentions a new process for toughening timber, by which white wood can be made so rough as to require a cold chisel to split it. This result is reached by steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure—technically, "upsetting" it—thus compressing the cells and fibers into one compact mass. It is the opinion of those who have experimented with the process, that wood can be compressed seventy-five per cent., and that the timber which is now considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, could be made valuable by this means, and more especially since the rapid consumption of our best ash and hickory will sooner or later render some substitute necessary.

Brown's Little Joke.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Filtering stone is now made by mixing certain portions of clay with levigated chalk, coarse and fine glass sand, and ground flint. They are moulded and hard burned.

The V shaped corsage is very popular in Paris.

$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for years made a standing, public offer in all American newspapers of $500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douche," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get $500 in case of failure.

Belts to be fashionable must be very wide.

.... Stricture of the urethra in its worst forms, speedily cured by our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Many of the diseases so prevalent in these days are caused by using soap containing impure and infectious matter. Avoid all risk by using PERFECTION Laundry Soap, which is absolutely pure. Ask your grocer for PERFECTION. Manufactured only by the Toronto Soap Co.

Bustles have probably reached their maximum in size for at least six months to come.

There is not and there cannot be, any smoking tobacco superior to the "Myrtle Navy" brand. A wrapper of bright appearance and higher price it is possible to get, but all wrappers are very poor smoking tobacco, and but a single leaf is wrapped round a plug. The stock used in the body of the "Myrtle Navy" plug is the very best which money can purchase. The powers of the Virginia soil can produce nothing better, and no other soil in the world can produce as fine tobacco as that of Virginia.

White frocks are worn to excess in England.

The Blues.

Despite all we can do, they occasionally, come and cast in dark shadow our aims, hopes and expectations. Avoid disappointment by not expecting too much; avoid waste of money by never purchasing the worthless; avoid sore spots in the heart, or where the heart should be, by always using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only sure, safe and painless remedy in the world for corns. Beware of substitutes, counterfeits and imitations. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

Huge bridal bouquets are no longer in vogue.

Everybody Ho! Ho!

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A.P. 244.

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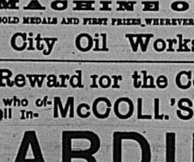
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